

The CLOAK



CRIME IN THE BLACKOUT! SUDDEN DEATH IN THE DARKNESS! IN THE NATION'S HOUR OF TRIAL, GREEDY MEN STILL SEEK BLOOD-STAINED GOLD.... AND KIFF CARDIFF OF THE F.B.I. MEETS THE MURDERING PROFITEERS AS — *THE CLOAK!*



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AN AIR RAID WARNING IS SOUNDING. LOS ANGELES IS BEING BLACKED OUT! PLEASE COOPERATE! THIS STATION WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED...

"...THE LIGHTS BLINK OFF, THE SHADOWS CREEP SWIFTLY, LOS ANGELES BECOMES A CITY OF NIGHT...."



MURDER STRIKES IN THE BLACKOUT!



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CARDIFF! THIS IS THE MAN
WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO
SEE — CHARLIE BARROWS,
MANAGING EDITOR OF
THE DAILY DISPATCH!

HE WOULDN'T MIND
BARGAINING HIS OWN BUSINESS!
HE'D TAKE IT ON
HIS OWN TOE!

BARROWS WAS RUNNING
ARTICLES IN THE
DISPATCH EXPOSING
FIRMS THAT WERE
PROFITTEERING ON
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.
THAT MIGHT BE CALLED
"NOT FINANCING HIS OWN
BUSINESS." HEY?

RIGHT!

...AND NOW THE "ALL-CLEAR,"
SIGNALS ARE SOUNDING, FOLKS!
HEAR THEM? SO — NO AIR
RAID TONIGHT. THE LIGHTS
ARE GOING ON AGAIN

AS THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN ...

FALLON! LOOK!
THAT MAN RUNNING
OUT OF THE
DISPATCH BUILDING!

YEAH!
WHAT'S HIS
HURRY, I
WONDER?

A BOMB! WE
WANT THAT
FELLOW, FALLON!

I'LL
SAVE WE
DO!

NOT SO FAST!
I WANT A
WORD WITH YOU!

WHAT
THE —?

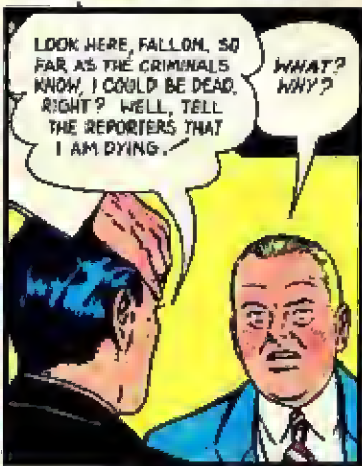
WHERE'D
HE COME
FROM?

YOU GET
OFF HERE,
WISE GUY!



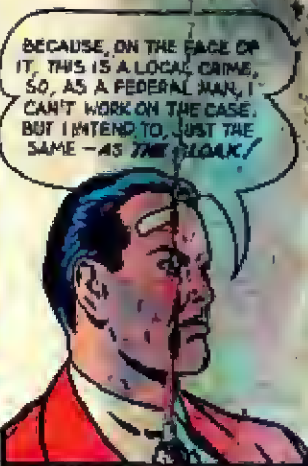
YOU SAY THE BOMB WENT OFF IN THE PRESS ROOM, BUT THE PRESSES WEREN'T DAMAGED?

A HOLE IN THE FLOOR AND A WALL SMASHED, THAT'S ALL. THE GUY DIDN'T KNOW HIS BUSINESS.

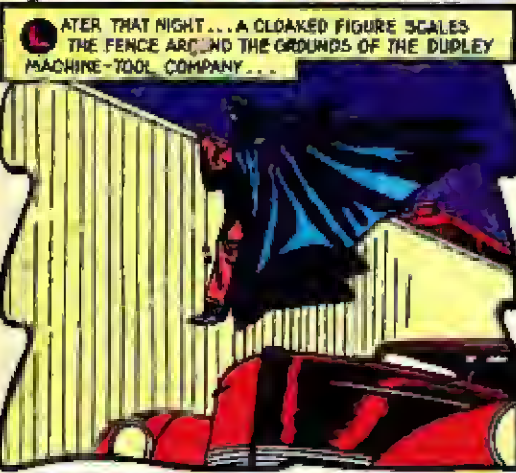


LOOK HERE, FALLON, SO FAR AS THE CRIMINALS KNOW, I COULD BE DEAD. RIGHT? WELL, TELL THE REPORTERS THAT I AM DYING.

WHAT? WHY?



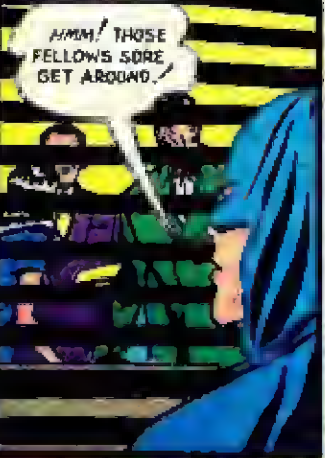
BECAUSE, ON THE FACE OF IT, THIS IS A LOCAL CRIME, SO, AS A FEDERAL MAN, I CAN'T WORK ON THE CASE. BUT I INTEND TO, JUST THE SAME - AS THE SLOAK!



AFTER THAT NIGHT... A CLOAKED FIGURE SCALES THE FENCE AROUND THE GROUNDS OF THE DUDLEY MACHINE-TOOL COMPANY...



THE DUDLEY COMPANY WAS THE MAIN OBJECT OF CHARLIE BARROW'S EDITORIAL ATTACKS. MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT SOMETHING AROUND HERE!



HMM! THOSE FELLOWS SURE GET AROUND!



YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, MISS DUDLEY - WORKING NIGHTS FOR YOUR FATHER! - SO WE WOULDN'T WANT TO HARM YOU! WHERE ARE THOSE CONTRACTS?

OWH! YOU'RE HURTING ME!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS! I'M GOING TO HURT HIM!





